effort to carry out a system of publican side of the House,] Part of the

PUBLISHED WERKLY

THE OBANGEBURG NEWS,

"But he'll smell you, in de second placed

sounded his trumpet inquiringly, to the the Colonel hoarsely whispered; oils studies "His pipe's in the glass he He's gettien

stop that shaking !"

But this injunction was not obeyed, for su
denly Phew felt the sheet tightened arous him, and he screamed and struggled, for

and the musquito pricked poor Phew deeply

Keep still, I tell you." The more you yell.

hogshead of rum, you'll be poinsoned to death, even if he don't suck you dry "cratibore forrol MYou tole me he wouldn't tech linen !! groaned Phew hatenfumore saw rabro on bene "But that sheet must must be cotton, if he

stings through it. Does he (Do ven really

how l' And after a viel by struggler and floundering upon the floor, wring which he was repeatedly punctured in almost every part of his body, he continued to break loose, burst the sheet, and scramble out at the door, and thence out of the house, alarming the whole plantation with his diabolical flowlings of

The Glant masquite, having well performed a his part, was enew ordered to bed and the Colonel, having finished the decanter, turned in again, and slept the sweet sleep of satisfied

Meanwhile, the overseer, who was in ecreet, forced the fugitive Phew to swallow half a gallon of rum, to kill the poison in his ... system; and on the morrow, when he became conscious and told his marvelous; story, the Colonel denied the whole of it, and assured a

him it must be a dream, or a vision proceeding from over-drinking.

To be sure, Phow exhibited the extensive perforations to which he had been subjected to but Coloniel Tearnway said they were nothing.

to what he liad blinself suffered; while maker tain good for nothing nigger was pretonding to watch for him. both white and black,

curving the position be does and under sach

A-THE ORANGEBURG NEWS. The fall of the Enciter's hammer here in-

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ties ow tedt (fisher: Lines, oil teares or

[The sweetest poem in the English Language. Ep.

the day clearly di freed that and with Beside the springs of Dove,—
A maid, whom there were none to praise, And very few to love.

A violet, by a mossy stone Is shining in the exy, She lived unknown; and few could know

LITERARY.

When Lucy ceased to be: But she is in her grave, and Oh-

The difference to me!

FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.] Memories of Migration.

Travelers letters have been so often written and the topics usually treated, of by those who go away from home to see the world are therefore so very trite that few care to read them. Yet, I hope Mr. Editor, that your readers will indulge me a little while I jot down a few brevities concerning my sights and experiences while abroad; for I too have been traveling. This much for an lintroduction; I won't prosume on anybody's patience, and write a long one, and only pause further from my narration of facts, while I ask, that as I am no poet, my readers will not charge me with drawing on my imagination.

Yes, Mr. Editor, I've been traveling-Have sailed on the broad, blue Atlantic, and been rocked on the bo om of the deep;" have felt the cool sharp breath of Eolus's subjects, and seen the waves at their beck rise into hills; have watched the hungry fish pursuing the ship, and wondered if they were hoping a Jonah was on board; have condoled with those who who were sick of the sea, and hughed at those who were sea-sick; have seen the moon, with her pale round face, rise as if out of the waters; and while studying the stars, thought of Byron's Ocean scene served tool 'to oberta

"Blue rolled the Ocean, blue the sky Looked like an Ocean hung on high, &c

have steamed up New York's beautiful harbor and as the mighty City from afar loomed up dimly, have wondered if "distance lant enchantment to the view"; have been "glad once more to get on shore," and have been aroused from my newly-found bliss, by being subjected to the annoying importunity of rapacious hack men i have walked the thronged streets of Gotham, and with humility felt my utter insignificance, as the torrent of living humanity went surging by; have feasted my eyes on the rick, B. A. Yon, J. H. O'Cain, Ellison Connor, John | marvels of the great City, and my palate on the luxurions viands with which Milords of Hotels tempt their guests; have been humbugged at Barnum's Musuem, and in revenge wished to pinch the fat arm of his corpulent baby; have satisfied my artistic yearnings, by tiring my eyes with critical inspections of the beautiful master-pieces of being Artists, in the Art Union Hall; have been whirled to Central Park, and looked at the bulls, and the deer, and the swans, and the fish, and the fashionables that live there; have tried to get a glimpse of some of the "fairy belles," whose beauty I had seen so often eulogized, but have succeeded only in finding that their charms were much exaggerated; have illustrated South Carolino, by strutting among the aristocracy. a palmetto hat on my head, and a fine havana between my teeth; have seen the lions, and heard them roar; have talked with Radicals. and discussed war experiences with Federal ex-heroes; have traveled with lightning speed over the fast railroads of the fast Empire State; have courted the Muse under the inspiration of the magnificent scenery, which has rendered classic the renowned Hudson River; have made wry faces while experimenting in Saratoga water, and looked happy while seated at the loaded table of a floating palace on Lake Champlain; have seen through the morning mist the verdant slones of the Green Mountains. and sailed over the waters, upon whose bosom McDonough won for himself immortality ; have temporarily expatriated myself, and in the old town of Montreal, sung, under the Cross of Saint George, "God save the Queen"; have refreshed my fingers in this specie-paying town with silver quarters, and been tempted to break the tenth Commandment, at the sight of the glittering gold, which plentifully circulates semblance he probably bore to the Chinese there; have witnessed general wealth and

the "greatest nation, &c," and of the Canadian ry laziness; and it was, perhaps, on audoint of subjects of Victoria Regina, and occapared this particular salend, which made him almost them with those of our own afflicted people, useless on the plantation that his master se-and my Scuthern pride has been gratified at lected him as his midnight champion against

the contrast; have ___ but, Mr. Editor, I have already too far extended my brevities ; and, lest I tire you and our readers, I will close by you like by day, Phew," said the Colonel; "be simply stating, that I have returned home, your own master in all things but you must loving Carolina more than ever, and satisfied to share the present tribulations of her sons, if I may but be with them, when the evil days sons my body, or disturbs my slumbers. I are past, and the sunshine for prosperity shall again shed its haleyn beams upon as. God send our down trodden land hispeedy. deliverthe charges that are made againstooth

While in Montreal (let me add in a less concise style) it was my pleasure and privilege, to be present at one of the pleasantest Christian gatherings, that this Continent has ever wit-Six hundred young men, representing the Christian Associations of the United States and British Provinces, there met as brothers in the same noble cause, having the same master, and sharing the same high hopes. Northerners and Southerners, Federalists and Democrats, Monarchists and Republicans, for the time at least, laid aside their political or national prejudices and animosities, and consulted together as to the best methods of laboring for the salvation of the young. The harmonizing power of Christianity was wonderfully manifested, and I thought that appropriately could have been inscribed over the pulnit of the Church, in which we met, the passage of St. Paul: "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, but Christ is all, and in all." The influence of this Convention will be long felt in Canada, and throughout the Northern and Western States; and I trust that its effects will be seen in softening the acrimonies of our political persecution. A little leaven may leaven the whole lump.

It was my privilege also in Montreal, to visit and pay my respects to our honored ex-President, Jefferson Davis. Physically much broken by his sufferings while incarcerated at Fortress Monroe, and still an exile from his friends and his home, he was yet comparativecomfortable, and seemed to forget himself in his sympathy for the sufferings and humiliations of his people. He expressed himself as hopeful that Providence would over rule the present evil to our ultimate good, and thought that at least, the young of our land would see the South rise from her degradation, and be again blest with plenty, prosperity and happi-

SELECTED STORY.

The Giant Musquito.

OR THE

DARKEY'S WATCH

It was in that golden era of the South, when planters were as serenely happy as the patriarchs of old; when cotton, rice, tobacco, and sugar had not yet become disturbing influences in the politica of the land; when our good-natured ancestors were content to let the curse or blessing of slavory rest alone upon the heads of those who flourished by it, and felt satisfied and strong enough to bear it; when slaves cared not a pinch of snuff for the bene fits of education, so long as they had plenty of 'possum-fat and hominy, pork and beans tobacco and the New England essence of sugar cane, and felt as proud of their masters' wealth as if they had all the cares of its possessionsyes, it was in those palmy days of the let-alone policy of the Union, that Col. Dick Tearaway lived in his glory as a Georgian planter, dis pensed the fruits of his prosperity with a princely hand, and had surveyed with annual satisfaction the joyous growth and multiplication of his niggers.

The Colonel was a kind-hearted and courageous man, there seemed to be but one evil on earth of which he was afraid, or which was able to disturb his equanimity. That evil pest and abomination was musquitos. With regard to them he was particularly sensitive and thin-skinned; the bumps which followed their bites upon his person were always double the ordinary size, poignance, and duration, and the venom thereof seemed to enter into his spirit while the smart lasted. Hence it was that one summer, on his return from abroad their renewed onslaughts were specially intolerable and as musquito-nets were in that age unknown, the tormented planter appointed one of his slaves to the exclusive office of setting up all night by his bed side, and keeping off musquitos, tada to a he

This darkey's name was Confucius, commanly called "Phew," for short, and the only rephilosopher was his fondness for "pigtail." prosperity, and painfully drawn the contrast He was black as an India-rubber ball, and alauggested by the condition of my own poverty most as round, but he had none of its bounding manners and faces of the Northern denizens of the cause and consequence of his extraordina. They half the size of a man as strong as a

unothal and wide awake ut night, and see that no cursed musquito sucks my blood, poiyou are good for nothing else you ought to be

The eyes of the fat son of Hamiwhitene

wine wid. Phillis, and doin noffin, and drinkin' run; and sleepin' in de corn-field, and dwine to scamp meetin', and lyin', and swarrin', ind stealin' tings, arter dat long as I does it

in de daytime."
..."Not one word, Phew, Nobody shall treu you, if you keep the musquitos from troub ing me at night."

Phew gave a yell of delight, and turned summerset immediately, and, shaking his fists in the gir, cried out?

'Jess luff dem dam 'skeeters come on dat's

sleepless wigilance, and took his seat with great pomp that night by his master's couch, briskly waving a goose's wing; and the Colonel fell confidently asleep and dreamed of a black ingel, battling, with heavenly pinions, against myriads of evil spirits. But, notwithstanding all this it was evident that the sable sentine was careless of his charge, for the indignant planter found many bites on his person next

Phew at first insisted they were bug-hites but his master swore he knew the difference. and then Phew said :

"I 'clar, Massa Tearaway, it does 'pear dat a few skeeters did git at yer, in de course ob de benin ; but wat's dem few to de hole number dat I drobe away from yer? My sakes! if I'd let em, dey'd ate yer up alive. More'n dat, I isn't quite broke into de business yet."

The Colonel believed, repeated his injunctions of vigilance, and went to sleep under the darkep's auspices again.

But Phew had meanwhile grown dignified at his immunity from all other responsibilities, and his unrestrained liberty by day made him restive at his confinement by night. So, grum-

"Mitey poor business dis am, for a likely nigger like me, to be watchin skeeters all night! Wonder if de Colonel tinks dey don't bite niggers as well as white folks? Wonder wut de debbil made skeeters fur keepin' me up all night heah, like a dam ole owl! I won't do it no more, arter dis night. It's lowerin' myseff. . Ha! dere's one! I hear 'em comin'! Ping-ng-ng! Ping, ping! Shut you ugly mouf, you loafer yer, or I'll crack yer jaw. Now he's gone, and I'm good mind to take a small wink ob sleep, till dey begin to get thick. Tan't quite time for a rush yet-I wish I had

annoder quart ob dat primer-" "Um" he would have said, but his jaw fell. is lips parted like two pounds of liver, and the word was lost in a resounding snore. The watchful darkey was asleep.

But his brain was busy, if not his eyes; and ne kept on grumbling in his dream, so loudly, that the Colonel, stirred by a few musquitonips, woke up and detected his negligent sentry, his black hand convulsively clutching the

snowy wing of the goose. "The rascal! This accounts for the bites He gets drunk all day and sleeps it off in my chamber at night. He's dreaming. Phew !" "Bedam if dis chile gwine to watch skeeters any more," muttered Phew, still asleep, "fur de Colonel or anybody else. Nigger must hab

sleep." "And have white folks to watch them-eh,

"Dat's it," replied the sleeping watchman 'Dat's jest it." "Upon my word! And what will you do, you consequential darkey, if you are not al-

lowed to do as you please day and night?" "I dunno; but I think I'll hab to pull foot ind run away, if de Colonel don't permote me up a little furder."

"Get down a little first!" muttered the exasperated Colonel, tilting Phew's chair, so that he tumbled upon the floor, and waking, started up to find his master apparently asleep.

"Sleep's like a pig," said Phew: "and gorry! I was ormoss asleep myself." "Something must be done to keep that nig-

ger awake," thought the Colonel, next day when he found his person profusely speckled like a current pudding. "I have it I'll terrify him !! exect theger meitatisans He now called Phew, referred in a feeling

manner to his bites, and added-"But this is nothing to what the Gunt dina quitos do-the great big Giant Musquitos,

they come this way once in twenty years, and this is the very year to expect them: They

my grandfather in that way, which is one re

Col. Tearaway related several thrilling anecdotes of the exploits of these bloodthirsty need Am the affaid of liben of the manmoths, and so aroused the slave's superstitions fears that he kept awake mithfully for a "Let you sleep with me, you, ruse few nights more ? but the tell tale bites soon to appeared, to signify that either Phow thought the Giant Musquito a humbugger of he did not in the Bravillag "borieger out guitodreed fear them less, he loved sleep more and hier

"I swear I'll have exemplary venguance!"
now exclaimed the bitten planter, scratching
himself into a state of bloody rage. "I am nearly poisoned and itched to death by that lazy fascals infidelity The ingrate ! I'll fis

Musquito! The disguise was made as perfect told they in very fond of the and with the plenty of angular legs, a humped back, a long the high hill in and some he floured collect. stiff, tubular sting, all of a brownish hue; and or your self with a sheet, out of the for his voice a penny trumpet; and having sufficiently drilled Nat for the pantomine, the still, to provide him with more win planter one night introduced him softly into one glass is a enough and may the chamber, where he stood on all sixes, as it she linen sheet protect you I I'll slumbering at the dook, apparently whuge upon him!" here were and officed to a

Phew had fallen asleet in the chair as us al; and after getting into bed, the Colonel pinched him, and then pretended to be asleep

The slugglish slave awoke with a start and a cry of pain, and rubbed the pinch part with

guess he must been a hossfly," he ejaculated: "and-great Fadder Abrum ! wat's dat befor' de do'?" he added, with a howl of terror, as he now beheld the monster apparition. dam if dat an't de Jint Muskeeter heseff! Look here Colonel, wake up dis minit, or yer done gone a dead man. Heah's de Jint 'Skeeter flowed right in de winder. Whar's you pistil? Put a ball troo him. Look soon!" "I don't see anything, Phew," replied the

Colonel, coolly rubbing his eyes. "You must be dreaming." "Don't see dat ?" cried the horrified darkey pointing at the object, even more hideous than

"It appears to me I do see something now in that direction," said his master, straining

his eyes. Bring me my eye-glass, vise if all It was promptly brought, and Phew crouched, glaring and trembling by the bedside, as the Colonel calmly inspected the insect at the

foot of the bed.

"My God! Phow, that is one of 'em! H has come either for you or me. O my poor grandfather!" and the planter clasped his hands in prayer. " Leoth ool oved at he to ... "Why, don't you put a ball troe him?"

"He's covered with scales, Phew! No ball ever went through the hide of a Giant Musquito, yet But speak low he is evidently nsicep. One of the genus Culex a he one. said the Colonel, continuing his inspection.

"Am he a genus ?" vilk or round on as fee "Ay, one of the biggest and most ferocious of gnats."

"Am his name Nat, too? He'm ormost as ugly as nigger Nat; and I bout as soon seen de debbil as any one ob em. Wat is you gwine to We office delicate in bestowing or

Speak lower! A blow from his wing would smash your cocoanus, That poisonous, tubular sting would make you swell and burst with agony in less than five minutes so don't wake him. What the devil did you let him for?" "I didn't luff him in Massa : he come in

heself, when I was done gone dreaming." "Traitor, you didn't keep watch, then. If he kills both of us, it will be a judgment upon

"But dat won't help you, Massa," said Phew. logically; "you best kill him, darfore." "If we survive, you shall be lining, unless you kill him; and it you survive, and I die, you will be hung, at any rate, branch look wall

"Den if I is to die, anyhow," said Phew, sulkily, "I might jess as well luff him be. I don't keer bout bein busted by a Jint Skeeter— Jest hear dat? blisser and roll grisse of

him !" | wingsd; of Jairth was shalled to distribute the dear live Accordingly he dressed up Nat. a "likely or "Koun deservents die. Phew," septiod the

drunk, new. Don't say a word don't stire

if he hasn't ispun a web around you new like a spider! That's for not keeping quiet. But don't move, if you value your life, and he may think you dead; and they never suck dead meat. But ah ! he's going to sting you now, Savings Institution, "dinut quality al spoires The trumpet sounded venomously this time,

with a darning-needle.

"I golly, I can't stan dat! Murder!" shricked the victim.

the harder he'll sting; and unless you drink

feel him I"

Here the musquito plied his probe with great force and rapidity.

"O! Ah! Gorramighty I guess you'd tisk so. O, Lor! Be's make for the window, as

sulkily, "I might jess as well luff him be. I don't keer bout bein busted by a Jint Skeeter—insisted always that he had been attacked by a rudder die natrally by a rope, or a slow him. Jest hear dat?"

Here the inusquito sounded his penny quites a rudder the inusquito sounded his penny quites.